The Girl in the Window
By Phil Knight
Imagine to be in a house all day, with no one to talk to and no one to play.

You are never thanked for the work you do, just sweeping and cleaning and washing is you.

Well this is a story about a girl and her life, ruled by a nasty husband and wife.

Locked in the house so helpless and so small, with no real friends, nope non at all.
Boonsri, a slave since before she was born, her family are owned from dusk until dawn. She was taken from mum straight after her birth, and sent to a different part of our Earth.

The family that own her seem rather normal, they live on a street in a house that is formal. They are cleanly presented and smart everyday, whilst keeping their secret all locked up away.
But as the final door shuts and the family come home, she must clean the house so it sparkles like chrome.

And if they are angry she has not worked well, she must sleep under the floor, her own prison cell.
The family is out, they are getting a puppy, she cleans up the house to make sure they are happy, the car pulls up the children jump out, leaping with excitement “our puppy!” they shout!

Boonsri has never seen a dog before, she is nervous and anxious, as she waits by the door, the children fly in, a puppy lolling fast, the parents follow, with a fluster and a gasp.
“Boonsri! Where is the water for the dog? You’ve been sitting looking out the window agog!”

“If I have to tell you instructions anymore, tonight you will have to sleep under floor!”

Then father marched off to his mad family, playing with the puppy so happy and gangly.

Boonsri carried on, with all of her chores, sweeping the house from the roof to the floors.
Late into the night as the family slept, the puppy was howling missing home as it wept.

Boonsri was ordered to sleep by its bed, “so it stops feeling lonely” is what father said.
Boonsri awoke at 3:30am, to start on the chores on a long day again, now there was something so different and weird, a four legged friend following her as she cleared.

He was there as she washed all the bone china plates, and sat with a toy as she cleaned the sons skates. As the washing spinned round he chewed on a ball, as she hung it all out he played in the pool.
Boonsri had had her very best day,  
She finally had a friend who would listen and play.  

As the family came home she stood there with glee,  
starting to feel like she could be family.
But what father had seen, made his teeth grind, she had left the washing hanging out on the line.

Banging his fist on the table his face turning red, “Tonight you sleep under floor!” he then said.

Dragging her hand and throwing her in, the last board shut and the light became dim.

“It’s that dog, it’s that dog it distracts her all day, tomorrow she works while the dogs locked away!”.
That very same night she heard the dog cry, “shut up you damn dog!” father screamed from up high! Boonsri had never had a friend before, she missed him completely whilst locked under the floor.
The morning came and she worked on her chores, the puppy locked up in his cage stuck in doors. She sat in her spot by the window and dreamed, of what it would be to have friends and be freed.
She was not really supposed to sit there you see, in case she was seen by someone like me! A police officer, whilst out on my beat, who knows everyone who lives on the street.

She ducked away quick, when I caught sight of her eyes, there is something wrong here I began to surmise. That very same night the family came home, waiting for dinner as they started to moan.
When all of a sudden a knock at the door sent father to worry and drag her to the floor!

The bell rang again and she started to shout “Help me oh please I have to get out”
The bang on the door became louder and louder, and father grabbed her tougher and harder! Just as he turned to raise up his hand, the dog flew at him growling and grand.
The father fell down as the door opened wide, the dog stood on him “Oh help me” Dad cried! The police came in getting him up off of the floor, “We have some questions for you sir you must not ignore”
Boonsri walked out of the only house that she’d knew, and walked to a car that was flashing with blue.

“My friend, my friend, can he come with me please?” He ran from the house jumping to her with ease.
Many years on Boonsri is doing so well, fighting for others who go through that hell. And though he is old he still stands by her side, a dog she once helped on the night that he cried.
This is the story of a girl who has no idea who she is, or even how old she is. She is a slave to a family and been there her entire life.

This book shows how domestic slavery happens in a house on a normal street anywhere in the world. But, even though she is going through such hell she can still show compassion for others.

Written and illustrated by Phil Knight
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